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THE PATRIOT

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KEEP TO THE RIGHT.

On Wednesday last the Prime Minister celebrated the memory of Guiseppe Mazzini in an eloquent, but, we are bound to say, not very well-informed oration. It was, for example, absurd to say that Mazzini was "father of the idea of the League of Nations." That idea has always been present in the mind of man since the Tower of Babel. As we showed the other day, an earlier claimant than Mazzini was the Prussian philosopher Kant, who died in 1804. Kant outlined the Wilsonian scheme in his *Philosophical Treatise on Perpetual Peace* (1795), and we have suggested that it was propaganda paid for by Friedrich der Grosse and Co., Unlimited, Burglars, Incendiaries, and Assassins. Mazzini has another and a somewhat different title to fame, which Mr. Lloyd George was tactful enough not to mention. He founded the Murder Society known as Young Italy, of whose constitution certain articles are quoted by Deschamps (Les Sociétés Secrètes, vol. I, p. 273). As for example :—

> Art. 30.—Those who do not obey the orders of the secret society, or who reveal its secrets, are to be stabbed *(poignardés) sans rémission.* The same chastisement for traitors.
>
> Art. 33.—If the culprit escape, he will be pursued without cessation in every place, and he will be struck by an invisible hand, even if he is on the breast of his mother or in the Tabernacle of Christ.

and Deschamps recalls some of the murders for which the gang was responsible, as for example :—

> The Director of Police of Modena, the Prefect of Police of Naples, the Legate of Ravenna, the student Lessing of Zurich, guilty of having perpetrated the secrets of Mazzini, the Generals de Latour, d'Auerswold, de Lemberg, de Lignowski; later, Count Rossi, and many others condemned to death, and struck down by these secret assemblies.

That Mazzini was a secret agent of Prussia is not unlikely; it was the policy of Prussia to wreck Austria and France, and the activities of Mazzini were directed to that end. Though Napoleon III., more than anyone else, helped to liberate Italy from the Austrians, Mazzini, through Orsini, tried to murder him. According to Mr. Headlam (*Bismarck*, in the "Heroes of the Nations" series) when the Prusso-Austrian War broke out, Wilhelm I. exclaimed: "I have no Ally but the Duke of Mecklenburg and Mazzini." Like his friend Carlyle, Mazzini was once one of the best of Hohenzollern propagandists.

Mazzini was both a Revolutionary and a Republican. In 1804 he made a bid to capture the First Internationale, but Karl Marx made the "Working-man's Association" his own. Poor working-man!—he had no more chance between these two plotters than a lamb between wolves. It was merely a question of who should devour him.

And now, having recorded this little piece of history, we are in a better position to appreciate the following passage from Mr. Lloyd George's eulogy on the "Italian patriot" :—

> "The map of Europe as we see it to-day," declared the Prime Minister, "is the map of Joseph Mazzini. (Cheers.) His doctrines, his ideals, his appeals, his example fired the hearts and led the peoples across the threshold into the new age. Italy has crossed it. The oppressed races of Turkey have been emancipated. The oppressed races of Austria and of Russia—and, let me frankly admit, Ireland—have also gained by the doctrines of Joseph Mazzini. Ireland is free if she wishes to be, and if she proves that she is fitted for it." (Cheers.)

What an odd situation! A Prime Minister, who is protected—so it is said—by a bevy of plain-clothes detectives, in a capital which has just witnessed the murder of a great Field-Marshal—two days after his funeral—celebrates the victory in Ireland of the principle of assassination! Is Mr.

Lloyd George merely ignorant of history, or is he trying to propitiate Revolution?

We do not know what may be in the mind of our Prime Minister; but it seems to us that with the murders of Sir Henry Wilson on the one side and of Rathenau on the other before his eyes, it is not the highest sort of wisdom thus publicly to celebrate the principles of the patron of assassination.

We have the very highest admiration for Italy and the Italians. They are both by situation and by inclination the natural allies of England If our statesmen had been wise, they might have concluded, at the close of the war, a triple alliance between France, Italy, and England which would have secured the peace of Europe. But when President Wilson publicly slapped the representative of Italy in the face, we do not recollect that our Prime Minister championed his cause, and we fear that the opportunity has passed away, and that the Prime Minister is merely philandering with Italy because Italy has been gravitating towards Germany and because he hopes by such means to excite the jealousy of France.

These are high considerations. We return to the original purpose of our article, which was to suggest that this is no time to flirt with the abominable principle of political assassination. We notice that our municipal authorities are making an earnest attempt to persuade foot-passengers to "go to the left"—"for safety." We can only say that what makes for safety on the footpath makes for danger in statesmanship. The Prime Minister has been following this rule ever since he came into control of the Coalition, and the results, as seen in India, Egypt, Genoa, and Ireland, are by no means encouraging. What we want, at this time, when the forces of hell seem to be loose in the world, is a political guide who will keep to the right.

AN IMPRESSION OF 1790.

WELLINGTON'S BROTHER ON THE FRENCH REVOLUTION.

In September, 1790, the Earl of Mornington, better known as the Marquis Wellesley, was staying at Paris. On the 27th of that month he wrote a most interesting letter to W. W. Greville, then Secretary of State for Home and Colonial Affairs. This letter will be found in the Thirteenth Report, Appendix, Part III., of the Historical Manuscripts Commission (pp. 607-10). It fully bears out Mrs. Webster's views of the Revolution and its exploiters.

'Historians' have asserted that the French people rose up spontaneously against the unfortunate Louis XVI. and his nobles; the Earl of Mornington's letter shows clearly how, what appeared to be, spontaneous combustion was brought about.

"The streets [of Paris] are crowded with newsmen and hawkers, crying about libels of all sorts from morning till night, exactly in the manner you must have observed in Dublin; nothing is too indecent and abusive. . . . There being an end of the police, it is not possible to imagine any kind of bawdy print that is not publicly set up in the Palais Royal and on the Boulevards; the Attorney-General's blood would boil at the sight of such audacious bawdry. The object seems to be everywhere to mark a contempt for all former regulations. At the *spectacle* they have introduced monks and nuns and crucifixes on the stage; and the actors are violently applauded for wearing these forbidden garments."

To get rid of the police, and to use journalists and actors to demoralise the populace were then, as now, methods employed for promoting a Revolution.

The Earl of Mornington visited the National Assembly. It will surprise some readers to learn how that fountain of altruistic sentiments appeared to an eye-witness :—

"I have been there several times, and it is not possible to imagine so strange a scene; the confusion at times surpasses all that has ever been known since government appeared in the world. . . . I am certain that I have seen a hundred addressing the Assembly together, all persisting to speak, and as many more replying in different parts of the House, sentence by sentence; then the President claps his hands on both ears and roars order, as if he was calling a coach; sometimes he is quite driven to despair. . . . Wringing his hands is quite a common action, and I really believe he swears. I am sure he looks exactly as if he did, but it is often impossible to hear him."

There is an idea that the speeches of the Revolutionary orators were the spontaneous outpourings of their great and noble hearts. As a matter of fact, most of their speeches were carefully concocted documents, designed for the large reading public of Paris and the provinces.

"On great occasions the speakers deliver their speeches from the tribune, and these are always written speeches, or so generally, that I believe Mirabeau and Maury and Barnave are the only exceptions, and even these often read their speeches."

Mrs. Webster's pen portrait of Mirabeau, published in THE PATRIOT, agrees with the Earl of Mornington's impression of that dissolute humbug.

"Mirabeau appeared to me to be full of affectation, and he has a bad voice, but he is the most admired speaker. . . . The galleries approve and disapprove by groaning and clapping exactly as if the whole was a *spectacle*. Their approbation is always confined to Mirabeau and his party; and therefore it is commonly believed that the persons in the galleries are hired for their attendance and applause by that party; but I cannot speak positively to this fact."

The whole of this letter from which we have quoted should be carefully perused. The Earl of Mornington was not writing to *The Times*, but to a Home Secretary, who little resembled our Mr. Shortt, and was anxious to receive authentic information. It will be noticed that the Earl of Mornington does not assert that there was a Mirabeau claque, but that it was "commonly believed" there was one. From other sources we learn that the galleries of the National Assembly were packed with hired ruffians.

NOTES OF THE WEEK.

Labour and Mr. Lloyd George.

We referred last week to the discussion in the *Forward*—the I.L.P. organ for Scotland—concerning Mr. Lloyd George and the Labour Party. In the *Forward*, 1 July, a further contribution to this controversy is made by Mr. Robert Dell, the late Paris correspondent of the *Manchester Guardian*. Replying to Mr. Snowden's observations on the *National Review*, Mr. Dell says :—

It seems to me of no importance that the statements of fact published in *Forward* of 10 June had previously appeared in the *National Review*. The only question of importance is whether they are true, for, if they are true, they show that Mr. Lloyd George's word cannot be relied on. Mr. Snowden describes them as "sweepings of scandal"—a phrase intended, no doubt, to throw discredit on them, but does he deny their accuracy? He has not said so. If he does not, I do not understand his position in the matter. For I cannot suppose Mr. Snowden to mean that the truth ceases to be true from the moment that it is published in "one of the vilest Jingo organs in the country." If the *National Review* happened to remark that two and two make four, Mr. Snowden would not, I am sure, ask *Forward* on that account to say that they make three or five. However unpleasant it may be to find ourselves in agreement with British Jingoes and French Chauvinists on any point, their attacks on Mr. Lloyd George seems to me an inadequate reason for supporting him or even for refraining from attacking him. On the contrary, the fact that so many people of widely different opinions have come to the conclusion that Mr. Lloyd George is thoroughly untrustworthy, makes the accuracy of that conclusion all the more probable.

French Distrust.

Mr. Dell goes on to give reasons for this distrust. His friends in France, even those who are opposed to the policy of their own Government, say that the principal cause of the French hatred of Great Britain "is that Great Britain is identified with Mr. Lloyd George. They say that no understanding between the two countries will be possible so long as Mr. Lloyd George remains in power, and that anything he might now propose would be regarded with suspicion in France." Mr. Dell adds that "it is time to make an inquiry into the various activities of the group of millionaires that surround Mr. Lloyd George, and if the *National Review* makes it, I hope that *Forward* will publish the results." After a few remarks concerning the mysterious influence of Sir Basil Zaharoff, Mr. Dell commends the relations of this gentleman with Mr. Lloyd George as a suitable subject for investigation to the *National Review* or anybody else willing to undertake the task. The political influence of great financial interests has never been so great in this country as it has been since Mr. Lloyd George became Prime Minister :—

He has corrupted British politics (says Mr. Dell) to an extent unknown within living memory, although I am convinced that he had no such intention, and is even now unconscious of the fact. If we have hitherto escaped, to some extent, the political corruption that exists in other democratic countries, it is because our politics have been hitherto mainly in the hands of a particular class which, whatever its faults, had certain traditions of decency, and was rather aloof from the great financial and capitalist interests. With Mr. Lloyd George the plutocracy has triumphed.

The result is that Mr. Lloyd George "has no moral influence in Europe," and the French dislike him because "he has never been straightforward in his dealings with the French." On the other hand, M. Poincaré's policy, "bad as it is, is at least open and consistent. We know what it is to-day, and what it will be to-morrow, and can act accordingly. Who knows what Mr. Lloyd George's policy will be to-morrow? The only thing one can be sure of is that it will not be frank and open, and will be pursued by 'devious means.'"

The Murder Gang.

Elsewhere in this issue appears an article on the Communists' attempts to justify the assassination of Sir Henry Wilson. The Irish Communist paper, the *Workers' Republic*, "an organ of the Third International," also publishes an article on the murder, headed "428 to 1," in which it alleges that the Ulster friends of Sir Henry Wilson had, "up to the week ending the 19th inst., directed their savage hirelings in the North-East of Ulster to murder four hundred and twenty-eight common persons, mostly workers." So—

Two ordinary individuals in London, possessed of more than a spark of manhood, questioned if 428 lives should be taken by Imperialist hirelings without some attempt at "justice," which is but another name for revenge. And their blind thrust at "justice" quit the world of one who led the Imperial slaughter of 1914-18, of one who was a leader in the murder of some ten millions of European and other wage-slaves. All we can say is that the balance is not yet struck. Only the stern revolutionary will of the workers of the North will fix the balance on the day they come to their own, on the day they conquer all power.

After remarking that "assassination is an ineffective political tactic," because the murdered individual can always be replaced, the *Workers' Republic* adds :—

But when the bourgeois agents pit all their forces against the unlucky man or men who have rid the earth of an Imperial butcher, then it is up to the revolutionaries of all colours to rally to the aid of those who had at least the courage to risk their lives to accomplish their purpose.

With these admissions from the organs controlled by Moscow it is impossible to accept the Home Secretary's bland assurance that there is no plot. The whole of the Bolshevist papers in this country prove by their contents the existence of a diabolical conspiracy against the Empire and against civilised society. But while the Government are engaged in friendly negotiation with the criminals of Moscow we cannot expect them to take any action to suppress the seditious and dangerous activities of the Bolshevist agents in our midst.

Playboys of the Western World.

Mr. Winston Churchill and his friends are very anxious to convince the British public that Michael Collins and De Valera are in earnest in making war upon each other in Dublin. It may be so; but there are difficulties. The problem, let us remember, was this: A band of rebels had taken possession of a very valuable public building, the Four Courts, which is not only the highest seat of justice in Ireland, but a storehouse of invaluable archives. The obvious purpose of a Government really in earnest upon this subject would be to destroy the brigands without damaging the building. The result has been exactly the opposite. The building has been destroyed, but the brigands are intact.

Another Battle of Kilkenny.

We all remember how the I.R.A. contrived to deceive the British public over the battle of Kilkenny. We had terrific accounts of that tremendous affair, with "torrents of lead," "withering fire," "heroic advances," "Homeric resistance," and all the rest of it; but the only serious casualty was a poor girl wounded in the knee by a stray

bullet. So in the present case we have had such an expenditure of lead and nickel as might have destroyed an army corps; but the total result in casualties is admitted to be "singularly slight." As for the destruction of property, it might be evidence of the earnestness of the combatants if the property belonged to them; but as it belonged to the State or to the Loyalists or to the "bourgeoisie," there was no reason why it should have been preserved. And there were excellent reasons for destroying it—because ruffians of the I.R.A. type love destruction for its own sake, because they object to law in general and to British law in particular, and because, in the tremendous confiscation of property that is now proceeding, archives and title-deeds are considered inconvenient.

The Irish Republican Brotherhood.

There were other reasons. The Irish Republican Brotherhood, of which we have given an account in THE PATRIOT, is not only a Republican, but a revolutionary, organisation, and is linked up with the headquarters of revolution in Berlin, Moscow, and America. Its object is not to create a settled government in Ireland, but to destroy all settled government in the British Empire. Therefore, strife is being artificially fomented both in the North and in the South. Ireland will not be allowed to settle down, whatever happens, until this secret society is extirpated. And neither Michael Collins nor De Valera is the man to do it, since they are both the puppets and the tools of the organisation.

The Charges Against Ulster.

In the meantime, Michael Collins and his friends over here are making desperate attempts to shift responsibility to Ulster. Thus, Collins, in an interview with a Mr. Ketchum, the special correspondent in Dublin of the *Sunday Express*, says:—

> The establishment of ordered and impartial government in Belfast would at once create a better atmosphere in the rest of Ireland.
>
> The peace, prosperity, and happiness of the Irish nation depends first on the restoration of civilised conditions in the city of Belfast. I have again and again pointed out this glaringly obvious fact.
>
> If the British people would only realise this and act on it, I am certain they would see that Belfast is no longer subsidised by their money or supported by their forces. British money and support being withdrawn, Belfast, thrown on its own resources, would speedily see that its interest lay with the rest of Ireland.

Mr. Churchill's Admission.

Fortunately we are in a position to set against this the admission by Mr. Winston Churchill that the establishment of two divisions of the I.R.A. within Ulster territory was the prime and original cause of the present disturbances in the North; we have also the boast of "Use-the-lead" O'Duffy, described as Chief of the Staff of the Republican Army. The disorder in the North is not the work of Orangemen. It is part of the conspiracy of the I.R.B. to destroy all settled government in Ireland.

The Bolsheviks.

The Bolsheviks are anxious to take a hand in Dublin. They have an army of their own, which takes its orders from Moscow. It is interesting, by the way, to note that the Irish Labour Party, like the British Labour Party, is not sufficiently red to please Lenin and Trotsky.

> Nevertheless, the Irish Labour Party is much too opportunist to continue the revolutionary traditions of Connolly or Jim Larkin. In all questions concerning real independence and the Irish Republican Army, the Irish Labour Party does not go beyond fine phrases. Instead of demanding complete independence, it clings to an ultra-constitutionalism, just like its twin sister, the British Labour Party.

Bolshevism.

The following extracts from an article in the *Revue Universelle* (Paris), giving the opinions of a Bolshevik, were published in the *New York Tribune* on 7 June:—

> We have renounced culture and civilisation. Nothing of them remains with us, and we despise them as they exist with you, for they are impractical qualities. Our strength lies in the fact that we have reverted to savagery.
>
> . . . . . .
>
> As for ethics, they do not exist for us. We have no word of honour, and there is no promise which we have made, pertaining to France or England or Germany, that we intend to keep. But they believe us, all countries believe us, because they do not know our mentality.
>
> . . . . . .
>
> The most ridiculous bourgeois is Mr. Lloyd George, to whom our Krassin incessantly and invariably lies in making him believe that we were definitely vanquished and disappointed.

It is with persons of this "mentality" that the Prime Minister enters into close negotiations and endeavours to compromise.

Mr. Rutenberg.

The *Jewish World* of June 29, by the way, is a little disturbed by the alleged confession in the *Times* by Rutenberg that he was concerned in the atrocious murder of the Russian priest Gapon. The paper, however, confidently expects that Rutenberg will deny the truth of it.

> But is the story true? We should, for our part, be loth to say, so remarkable are the ways of Russian revolutionaries and their doings, until Mr. Rutenberg has had an opportunity of explaining. There have been cases where men involved in some secret movement have, so as to secure their own safety, felt compelled to draw largely upon their imagination concerning their part in the work of the gang with which they became associated. So it would be well to suspend judgment until Mr. Rutenberg has had an opportunity of giving his version of the *Times* story.

Catherine II.

Our Unrecorded Conversation this week exhibits to the reader the Empress Catherine II. of Russia. It is not sufficiently realised that, before the accession of Friedrich der Grosse in 1740, the Germans had already got a stranglehold on Russia. The two most powerful personages in Russia that year were Biren, or Büren, the German lover of the Empress Anne, who had married Christian-Friedrich of Holstein-Gottorp, and Büren's rival, Field-Marshal Münnich, another German. Under the Empress Elizabeth (1741-62), the influence of Germans in Russia temporarily declined. On her death it revived, and increased during the reign of Anne's son, Peter III., who was murdered in 1762, and of his wife, Catherine II., daughter of Christian-August, Prince of Anhalt-Zerbst, a Field-Marshal in the army of Friedrich der Grosse. It was Catherine who instigated the murder of Peter III. How she, he, Friedrich-Wilhelm II., and the Hapsburgs, Maria-Theresa, and Franz II., partitioned Poland, is common knowledge.

That Friedrich der Grosse and Catherine II. helped to cause the French Revolution, is certain. They both patronised Voltaire and the other Encyclopædists. Like Voltaire and Diderot, neither of them had any sense of decency, and it is probable that there was no crime which, if it served their ends, they would not have perpetrated. The grandson of Catherine, Alexander I., we may add, connived at, if he did not contrive, the murder of his own father, Paul I. It is time that the truth was told about Voltaire, Frederick "the Great" and Catherine "the Great." They were three of the wickedest and ablest scoundrels of the Eighteenth Century. Their mischievous influence is largely responsible for the miserable condition of Europe to-day.

REVOLUTIONARY PORTRAITS. – VII.

"BEPPO" AND BAKUNIN.

By NESTA H. WEBSTER.

Perhaps the most disastrous and certainly the most far-reaching effect of the first French Revolution was the precedent it had created. For not only has it continued to this day to fire the imagination of the ambitious by demonstrating the possibility of a handful of adventurers seizing the reins of power, but it showed how this could be done under the pretext of the common welfare. A vast field henceforth lay open to charlatans and humbugs of all descriptions who were able to follow the revolutionary method of using the people as a lever for their own elevation. The example set by the Orleanists of France was followed by young German aristocrats and Intellectuals, who carried on the cult of Robespierre, and later by the band of dissolute Italian noblemen who formed the ranks of the "Alta Vendita" aiming at a European convulsion.

The question has frequently been asked why men born in wealth and ease should desire the overthrow of the social system. But this is in reality no more incomprehensible than that men of fortune should stake their all on gaming-stables—revolution-making is to them a gambler's throw; one risks much, but one stands a chance of gaining more. With the passing of youth, however, the gambling spirit frequently declines, and no more curious document has ever been preserved than the letter written in 1844 by "Beppo," a member of the "Alta Vendita," to his chief, "Nubius," in which he sets forth the views of a revolutionary grown old and disillusioned. As a study in the psychology of the upper class subversive the following passage is of interest:—

"In the space of a few years we have considerably advanced matters; social disorganisation reigns everywhere, in the North as in the South, in the hearts of gentlemen as in the souls of priests. All has been subjected to the levelling down by which we wish to abase the human race. We aspired to corrupt so as to end by governing, and I do not know whether you, like I, are afraid of our work. I fear we have gone too far; we have corrupted too much, and in studying the personality of our agents in Europe, I begin to think that we shall not stem at will the torrent that we have let loose. There are insatiable passions which I did not divine, unknown appetites, savage hatreds which ferment around and below us. Passions, appetites, and hatreds, all these may devour us one fine day, and if it were time to bring a remedy to bear on this moral gangrene, it would be of real benefit to us. It has been very easy to pervert; will it be as easy to muzzle the perverted? . . .

"I am anxious for I am growing old; I have lost my illusions, and I do not want, when poor and bereft of everything, to look on at the triumph of a principle that I had hatched, and which would repudiate me by confiscating my fortune or taking my head.

"We have pushed things to extremes in many ways. We have taken away from the people all the Gods in heaven and earth who earned their homage. We have torn from them their religious faith, their faith in monarchy and their family virtues, and now that we hear its low roaring in the distance, we tremble for the monster may devour us. We have little by little stripped them of all good feeling; they will be without pity. . . . Our force is only ephemeral; it passes on to others. God knows where this progress towards brutalisation will stop. . . .

"The world is launched on the slope of democracy, and for some time democracy to me has always meant demagogy. Our twenty years of plotting may be wiped out by a few babblers who will come and flatter the people and fire at the nobles after having shot down the clergy. I am a gentleman, and I admit very sincerely that it would be very unpleasant to me to rub shoulders with the common people, and to wait on their good pleasure for my daily bread and the light of day. With such a revolution as is being prepared we may lose everything, and I want to keep what I have. You are in the same position too, dear friend, for you have possessions, and you would not like, any more than I should, to hear the word of confiscation resound in your ears. . . .

"I hold, I mean to hold, and the Revolution will take away from us fraternally."

One would like to know something more about the writer of this strange confession, but even his identity remains a mystery. The real names of "Beppo," "Nubius," and the other members of the Alta Vendita have never been revealed, and to this day lie buried amongst the secrets of the Vatican.

But whilst the Italian "Beppo" reveals the disillusionment that may beset the revolutionary at the end of his career, the Russian Bakunin provides an instance of the success that may attend it.

Michel Bakunin is described by one who knew him well as "by nature a great agitator." Lamartine's description of "Saint Huruge" might equally apply to him: "Movement for the sake of movement, noise for the sake of noise." That was all he wanted. More than any other modern revolutionary Bakunin recalls these earlier types of demagogy—above all, Danton. The striking resemblance between the two is seen in this portrait of Bakunin by his friend Herzen:—

"His activity, like his idleness, his powerful stature, his appetite, everything about him, takes on gigantic proportions, and surpasses all that one finds in other men. His face is that of a lion-headed Titan with a superb bristling mane. . . . At the bottom of this man's nature there is the germ of colossal activity, which he had no means of employing. Bakunin holds within him the possibility of making himself an agitator, an orator, an apostle, the head of a party or a sect, a heretic, priest or a wrestler. Place him in any camp you like—amongst the Anabaptists or the Jacobins, beside Anacharsis Clootz or amongst the *intimes* of Babeuf, but always at the extreme left, and he will draw the masses with him and act on the destinies of peoples."

This was Bakunin, a huge dynamic force, which in a more primitive age might have found a vent in simple brigandage; as it was, civilisation offered him no place but the four walls of the succeeding lodgings to which his wanderings led him, and

where his superabundant energy worked itself off in planning schemes for blowing up the social system. For though averse to any kind of regular occupation or serious study, Bakunin, unlike Danton, who never bothered to put pen to paper, was capable of immense literary activity when the mood possessed him, and to this he added the Russian passion for intrigue, which made of revolution a particularly congenial hobby. He loved the excitement of it all—"parleyings and negotiations, chemical ink, cyphers and signs agreed on beforehand," he loved turning night into day and also day into night—for he never rose till eleven or went to bed till three—above all, he loved the prospect of

MICHEL BAKUNIN.

tumults, the vision of marching crowds, the roar of insurrection, the waving of red flags, angry cries, gunshots, smoke, fire, and confusion. Meanwhile the idle life of preparation suited him exactly; in his private correspondence and in the records of the "Internationale," in which he figured as a hero, we catch many pleasant glimpses of the revolutionary at play—Bakunin lazing away sunny hours on the Swiss or Italian lakes, delighting the workers' delegates with his *bon mots*, demanding that his coffee shall be "black as night, hot as hell, and sweet as love," or else sitting up through the night drinking Russian tea and smoking endless cigarettes to the accompaniment of stimulating conversation on the coming revolution. Even the periodic want of money does not worry him seriously—friends are generous, and he appeals to them continually for help. And when occasionally the fount of private charity runs dry, there are other ways of raising funds—for example, collections for the oppressed Poles, which find their way into the pockets of Bakunin and his friends.

At the end of his life we find this ardent defender of the oppressed proletariat living peacefully in a comfortable apartment on Lake Maggiore, waited on by a general servant, to whom he pays the princely wage of 15 *francs a month*, and later offering no objection to becoming the parasite of Capitalism by accepting the bounty of his rich friend Cafiero, who instals him in a large house near Locarno. And even after frittering away Cafiero's fortune he contrives to find other sources of charity and to end his days in peace. Truly, Bakunin offers an admirable example of the way in which revolution-making may be adopted as an amusing and lucrative career for idlers.

MEXICO AS A NATIONAL "HOME."

Several of our Jewish contemporaries publish enthusiastic articles upon the offer recently made by the President of Mexico of a new "National Home" for their race :—

President of the Republic of Mexico,
National Palace, 10 May, 1922.

Mr. Paul W. Rothenberg,
1630, So. Sawyer Avenue.

Dear Sir,—In reference to our conversation relative to the emigration of Russian Jews to the Republic of Mexico, I am pleased to advise you that the Government over which I have the honour of presiding would be glad to see that emigration; but I deem it advisable to state that if the emigrants want to acquire any real estate in the Republic of Mexico, they must naturalise themselves as Mexican citizens; since our statutes establish that foreigners shall not acquire properties within a zone of 100 kilometres parallel to the borders, and 50 kilometres from the sea side.

In the country there are several million hectares of land appropriate for colonisation purposes, a great part of which is susceptible of adaptation for agriculture and irrigation. You may be sure that the emigrants to whom I have referred, by submitting themselves, as already stated by me, to what is provided by the Constitution for the acquisition of property—will enjoy the guarantees, security, and protection which are granted to all citizens by the Republic of Mexico.

I have already taken this matter up with Senator Schleimer, of Arizona, in the interview that I had the pleasure of having with him in that capital, and who will be able to give you many more details than it is possible to convey in a letter.—With my personal regards, I am, yours very truly, A. Obregon.

The Ireland of America.

We hope that the "guarantees, security, and protection" will be more satisfactory for Jewish than they have proved to be for British property in Mexico. Our Washington correspondent writes upon this subject :—

During the Obregon rebellion, measures as systematic as those pursued by the Germans in wrecking Northern France were directed against the Mexican railway system, exactly as the same thing occurred during the strike riots in Argentina in 1917 and the Egyptian outbreak in 1919. In every case British capital was sabotaged. Another connecting circumstance in each case was the reasons which were given out for these tactics, in that they were quite inadequate to explain the method in the seeming madness. Which means that those who did the work of destruction were merely carrying out orders whose sense they were not appraised of.

A Bolshevik Base.

The Conference and settlement between the Morgan banking interest and Huerta, the Mexican Minister of Finance, as to the payment of interest on the Mexican National Debt can hardly be cited as a proof that Mexico is becoming respectable. Not only are past defalcations of interest to be amortised, but future payments are to be provided by taxation of the yields of Mexican oil wells belonging to foreign capitalists. Nothing is said about the return of property confiscated by the Mexican Soviet, as we might fairly call the Government. The strikes and disorders of June at Vera Cruz and Mexico City with their red-flag processions suggest that Mexico continues in a state of revolution, and our Washington correspondent is probably right in his suggestion that the design is to make of Mexico at the side of the United States what Ireland has become on the flank of Great Britain. It may possibly be to cover the transfer of one of Trotsky's cohorts that the President has made this offer to the Jews.

THE MYSTERY OF CO-MASONRY.

THE BLUE LIGHT AND THE EMPTY CHAIR. WHO IS THE MASTER?

What is Co-Masonry? Is it for good or for evil? Theso questions have been put to us by a number of readers, who have also sent to us some curious information on the subject. We have added some of our own, and present the result to our readers.

In the first place, Co-Masonry is no part of British Free-Masonry. The English Free-Mason does not recognise it, and holds no correspondence with it. Therefore, what we say has no application to our Free-Masonry.

Co-Masonry is an order which uses parts of the ritual of Free-Masonry, but it has a ritual of its own. Mrs. (Annie) Besant introduced it into Great Britain about twenty years ago. Lodge No. 6, "Human Duty," London, was "consecrated" on 26 September, 1902, and there are now a considerable number of lodges in Great Britain and the British Empire. They are open both to men and women, sworn to obedience, and gradually initiated into a very curious ritual and discipline, of which we propose to give some account.

The characteristic of most of these lodges is a picture of the "Master." It is at the east end of the Lodge, and before it a blue light is always burning. Before a Lodge is opened, the curtains which hide the picture are drawn aside, and the whole Lodge, turning to the east, does reverence to the picture.

If you ask who the Master is, you may be given a pamphlet written by Mrs. Besant, called "The Masters."

The present Master is "The Count Ragoczy," who only reveals himself to one or two of the chiefs of the Order, and who is himself a re-incarnation of the Count de St. Germain.

As for the Count Ragoczy, we have not been able to discover who he is, and we are rather inclined to the belief that there is no such person. As for the Count de St. Germain, we have spent some baffling hours in the British Museum hunting him through various "secret histories" and out-of-the-way authorities.

One curious circumstance is that there were two Counts of St. Germain, who were both alive at the same time—a true and a false Comte de St. Germain.

The true Count was Claude Louis Comte de St. Germain, a soldier and Minister of Louis XV., who tried to Prussianise the French Army by introducing punishment with the flat of the sword, and other "reforms," which were not relished, so we gather. We should like to know more about this Comte, although he leads us away from our subject, for the Master is not the true, but the false, Comte de St. Germain.

Authorities differ as to the origin of the false Count de St. Germain. One authority suggests that he may have been a Portuguese Jew; another (Friedrich Bülau) that he may have been an Alsatian Jew; still another that he was a Russian. Horace Walpole, in his Letters, says he was "called an Italian, a Spaniard, a Pole; a somebody that married a great fortune in Mexico, and went away with her jewels to Constantinople, a priest, a fiddler, a vast nobleman," etc. Walpole does not decide between these hypotheses, but mentions that the Count had been arrested and released, as "nothing has been made out against him," and "what convinced me that he is not a gentleman, stays here and talks of his being taken up for a spy."

This impression (of about 1743) is heightened as we proceed. He was introduced to Madame de Pompadour by Marshal Belleisle, and amused both Paris and Louis XV. In Paris it was believed that he was 2,000 or 3,000 years old, and that he had known Our Lord, the Apostles, and St. Anne. He had fine manners, was a musician, had a prodigious memory, and could support his

CO-MASONIC LODGE IN LONDON,
Showing Veiled Picture and Empty Chair.

claim to this very long life by a knowledge of the details of history, which completely satisfied the not very exacting critics of an age as credulous as cynical.

In 1760 he went to Holland (claiming to have the King's authority) to negotiate a peace behind the back of Choiseul. Our English Minister in Holland was puzzled but careful. Choiseul, when he discovered the intrigue, was furious, and tried to have the fellow arrested, but he slipped over to England, where he was again arrested but again released, as there was again nothing discovered against him.

We next hear of him in Russia, where, it is said, he played a "great part" in the *coup d'état* in which Czar Peter was strangled and Catherine II. —afterwards "the Great"—proclaimed Empress.

Miss Una Birch, in her essay on St. Germain ("Secret Societies,, 1911"), says that Catherine gave her protection to the Masonic and Illuminist Societies founded by St. Germain, "though later she turned violently against them."

St. Germain proceeded to Germany, where—

the founding of new Masonic lodges, the initiation of Illuminates, the organisation of fresh groups in different parts of Europe, as well as the share he took in Weishaupt's great scheme for the amalgamation of secret socie-

ties kept him constantly occupied. His advantages as an Illuminate agent were enormous, and he could work more effectively for the emancipation of men from the ancient tyrannies than almost anyone of his generation.

In 1768 he was at Berlin, on intimate terms with Pernetti, the learned and libertine librarian of Frederick the "Great."

Frederick, by the way, probably knew a good deal about St. Germain. In 1760 his friend—if such a word may be used between such a pair—Voltaire wrote to him that "the Comte is a man who never dies and who knows everything."

"A *conte pour rire*," was Frederick's comment.

Bülau, in his "Secret Histories," says definitely that the pseudo Saint Germain died in the house of Charles, Margrave of Hesse, at Eckenfoerde, in Slesvig, in 1784, and that the Margrave, who was also an Illuminist, burnt all his papers, and would never give away his secret.

We might give further particulars of this extraordinary man—how he went to India, possibly as a spy in the service of Louis XV.; how he was in Tunis when Catherine was making war on the Turks; of the poems and songs he composed in France and in England; of his reputation as an alchemist who could make both jewels and gold; of his relations with Cagliostro, who said he was his disciple, with Nicolai, the printer, with Weishaupt, and other mysterious and sinister figures before the French Revolution. But we have said enough to suggest that he was an adventurer, a charlatan, and probably the secret agent of some European Power.

Of what Power?

We know of no certain evidence. But if we judge by results, it is notable that everything he did enured to the benefit of Frederick the Great—his intrigue against Choiseul; his share in the revolution which placed on the Russian throne the German Princess who was to share in the partition of Poland; his intrigues with Weishaupt against Bavaria; and his relations—shadowy as they are—with the mysterious group that, behind the scenes, were working up a revolution in France; down to his death in the house of an old friend and comrade of the Prussian Monarch.

But why has this mysterious and rather sinister figure become the patron saint and oracle of an order of pseudo Free-Masons of both sexes established in the British Empire at the beginning of the twentieth century?

(To be continued.)

THE POST OFFICE AND THE MURDER GANG.

CIVIL SERVICE DISLOYALISTS.

Sir Henry Wilson's assassination is not the first, and will probably not be the last Sinn Fein murder gang crime committed in London. It should be another warning to Londoners of the dangerous nuisance in their midst of that overswollen army of Sinn Fein postal officials, who dodged the Army during the war as established Civil Servants. Few loyal postal servants have not had cause to complain of these State-kept enemies of England. With the King's pay in their pockets, and insult to the King for ever on their lips, they crowd London postal departments to-day in numbers out of all proportion to the population of Ireland were an equal proportionate right to postal service extended to English people. It is a scandal that there are young Sinn Fein supervising sorting officers, who as postal sorters in 1916 were exempted because of nationality, and are now in charge of postal sorters considerably senior to them, over whose heads they were promoted while the others were away at the war.

It is largely owing to the presence of Sinn Fein undesirables of both sexes inside London Post Office departments that present Civil Service anti-patriotism is due. They are the backbone of organisations such as the Union of Post Office Workers, and the champions of the conscientious objector. The same anti-English hatred manifested in Ireland by the murder of ex-soldiers finds expression here by their exclusion from State employment by Sinn Fein established postal officials.

The injury to this country is not restricted to having English ex-soldiers shut out of Government offices by a horde of Sinn Fein Civil Servants for whose benefit income-tax still stands at 5s. in the £.

On Sunday, June 18, which was the Sunday previous to Sir Henry Wilson's murder, a Sinn Fein demonstration took place in Trafalgar Square. It is not unreasonable to suggest that persons privy to the murder were in that demonstration. The writer was present on that occasion. He heard the name of Sir Henry Wilson mentioned in some of the speeches. He saw numbers of young Irishmen in the crowd wearing Sinn Fein badges and the badge of the Union of Post Office Workers side by side.

Now that Sinn Fein murder has again raised its snaky head in London, previous experience shows that it would be safer to go on paying postal Sinn Feiners their salaries to do nothing, than permit them to enter any postal department. Whether as telephone operators or telegraphists, postmen or sorters, or as male or female clerks in the money order and other departments, the confidential information they possess is precisely that required by persons sent to commit murder in this country.

There is evidence to show that the 1921 London pistol raid—which though carried out by imported Sinn Feiners was obviously organised by Sinn Feiners here, received assistance from information inacessible to the public. That information was in the custody of a certain postal department in London.

On the night of Saturday, May 14, 1921, a number of Sinn Fein murder gangs raided the London area. Private houses were visited in Shepherd's Bush, Tooting, Lewisham, Catford, and St. Albans. One murder was committed and five persons wounded. At the inquest on the murdered man, held on May 23, the names and addresses of witnesses were withheld. At the adjourned inquest on June 6, a Scotland Yard detective stated that "information can be and has been received, but witnesses absolutely refuse to come forward, and it would not be fair to make them come forward, for they might possibly be shot."

Each house raided on the night of May 23 was the right address of a threatened loyalist, but it was not the address where letters to him had been sent. As the result of precautions taken no correspondence had been sent from Ireland, and letters posted here bore an address differing from that of the person to whom they were ultimately delivered. Despite such safeguards, each pistol gang found its way to the right dwelling place of a threatened loyalist. Even had an accidental discovery been made of the places where one or two of these men actually lived, the gangs could not have gone in each case—as they did go without a single error—straight to the place where a man lived whom they hoped to murder. There was a list of the correct addresses of these loyalists. It was absolutely inaccessible to the public. It was in the custody of a certain postal department in London. Unless one explanation be accepted, what happened on the night of May 14, 1921, in London is impossible to understand.

THE MURDER OF SIR HENRY WILSON.

COMMUNIST COMMENTS.

By W. FAULKNER.

The comments of the Bolshevist Press on the murder of Field-Marshal Sir Henry Wilson show how closely related the Communists are with the Irish murder gang. The more "moderate" organs of the Socialist movement say very little about the assassination of the Field-Marshal, but in the course of their tame condemnation of the crime they do manage to suggest that he was murdered because he supported the Ulster resistance to the I.R.A. In an article in the *Labour Leader* on the Field-Marshal's funeral, the writer states that the crowds were mainly attracted by the pageantry :—

Honour to the poor, dumb Field-Marshal beneath the Union Jack was very secondary. There was nothing in the coffin except, if I may say so with all the reverence that is due to the dead, a bone of contention. The Irishmen who shot Sir Henry Wilson because of his narrow Ulster patriotism had merely made him a pawn in the game of politics. The Government, by burying him with all the pomp and circumstance of martial glory, attempted to win the pawn.

The writer of this article goes on to say that—

According to his lack of light, Wilson did the best he could for his country and for Ulster. According to their lack of light, his assassins did *their* best for their country. Neither the one nor the other were men of stunt minds. They believed in what they did, and were prepared to die for it.

The above extracts represent the "moderate" and the "impartial" views of the I.L.P. and the Pacifists. Sir Henry Wilson was a patriot, and, therefore, in the wrong. Well, no one would think of associating the I.L.P. with patriotism, so there is no danger of its leaders being shot because of their devotion to their country.

Before passing to the comments of the Communist organs, reference may be made to the comments of Mr. Patrick Thompson, the Dublin correspondent of the *Labour Leader*. Mr. Thompson is pro-Treaty, and a supporter of the Irish Labour Party, which is, of course, Republican. His remarks on the feeling in Dublin over the murder of Sir Henry Wilson will interest Lord Midleton. Mr. Thompson says that the murder has caused much misgiving in Ireland, "but it is necessary to say that there is also a general disgust at the treatment of the matter in the BritishPress." Murders quite as bad have occurred in Belfast—

Under a Government to which Wilson was chief military adviser with unlimited powers to recommend and carry out measures to secure public order. . . . Indeed, there are many shrewd observers who believe that Sir Henry Wilson was responsible for a deliberate fomentation of disorder in Belfast in order to provoke Border "incidents" and so secure an excuse for a "reconquest" of the rest of Ireland. Naturally, therefore, Irish opinion is unmoved by the clamour for the resignation of Mr. Shortt; it will begin to be interested when the British Press begins to clamour for the resignation of Sir Dawson Bates, the Home Secretary for the Six Counties. Murder is murder in Belfast no less than in London.

This pro-Treaty view seems to confirm the remarks of the Dublin correspondent of the *Morning Post* on the indifference to the murder of Sir Henry Wilson of those who supported the Treaty.

And now let us look at the Communist Press. The *Communist*, the official organ of the Communist Party of Great Britain, and "a weekly organ of the Third (Communist) International," discusses the assassination under the heading : "The Corpse of Henry Wilson." After declaring that "Political assassination is, ninety-nine times out of a hundred, political folly," it proceeds :—

The Imperialist Press is busy using the corpse of Henry Wilson as a battering-ram wherewith to shatter all that is left of hope for an Irish Workers' Republic; official Imperialism has used his corpse as the centre of a pageant into which military might and the Royal Family were interwoven in equal parts.

The editor of the *Worker*, the organ of the National Workers' Committees, writing under the heading, "Exit Wilson," makes a number of foul and disgusting comments on the murder. He begins his remarks by saying :—

"What a damned fuss about a bit of sausage!" said the Jew who heard a terrific thunder-clap just as he was about to swallow surreptitiously a bit of pork. What a damned fuss about the execution of Sir Henry Wilson to be sure. For days one could see nothing but great headlines on the "London Horror" and the "Diabolical Crime," etc. What horror? Sudden, merciful death to an old man cannot be described as horrible, surely!

I apologise for quoting such vileness; but it is necessary for the public to understand the mental and moral state of the Socialist and Communist Press.

Great Britain is described as causing the slow death by "hunger of thousands of British babies and older infants" since 1919, and we have not had "such a palaver in the Christian Press" over the Russian famine. Sir Henry Wilson is described as "a mere man whose very claims to distinction rested in the fact that he was an expert professional slaughterer of 'God's children' himself." "The only decent comment on Wilson's death came from Rory O'Connor." This Bolshevik editor points out that "even the rotten Treaty was gained by the bullet, not the ballot." The usual story about the alleged murder of Belfast Catholics by "the Ulster thugs" is trotted out, and it is added that Sir Henry Wilson and Sir James Craig "together caused most of the real horror—the Belfast horror." and the editorial comments of the *Worker* end by saying that—

Sir Henry Wilson was a professional slayer in the pay of the Imperialists of Britain. He and Craig were largely responsible for the wholesale pogroms of Belfast. He paid the penalty : "Whoso sheddeth man's blood, by man shall his blood be shed." By the logic of his own creed, Wilson has received his deserts.

The above extracts are quite sufficient to prove that the Communist organisations in this country are quite as foul and as dangerous as the Sinn Fein organisations in Ireland. What the Sinn Feiners have done our Bolshevists will do if they ever get the chance. Already a Bolshevist organ in London is demanding that the men who murdered Sir Henry Wilson shall be treated as prisoners of war. The publicity department of Sinn Fein and the Dail are pouring out propaganda matter for use in the English Labour and Communist organs, and the Moscow Executive of the Third International have just sent to Ireland an appeal for a general rising of the proletariat against the English and Irish bourgeoisie. We may, therefore, look upon the murder of Sir Henry Wilson as the act of an International organisation, of which the I.R.A. is but one of the national sections.

ANONYMOUS MISCHIEF.

"THE POMP OF POWER."

The author of the latest Book of Revelations conceals his, doubtless, illustrious name; but his publishers inform us that he "clearly speaks with authority as one in close contact with the world he describes." Referring to the author of "The Mirrors of Downing Street," this sniper on the roof of Society observes (p. 246):—"At the risk of making an egregious error, I am inclined to believe that that anonymous writer does not move in the same world as Colonel Repington," with whom, apparently, he is himself on easy and familiar terms. Colonel Repington did not, however, from behind a chimney-stack, fire at his victims. Nor, if we remember rightly, did Colonel Repington ever negotiate for the Bolshevists.

Now, according to our author's own account, he has had "a long conversation" (p. 261) with the Bolshevist Krassin, who impressed him as being a "man of affairs rather than a dreamer or fanatic; and as one who would prefer to construct rather than to destroy."

After a second interview the anonymous author "agreed to see M. Millerand and to submit certain proposals to him." Questions should be asked in the Houses of Lords and Commons about this.

A person who interviews and helps Krassin is not likely to take an unprejudiced view of Earl Haig or Sir William Robertson, two of the soldiers round whom the sane elements in Great Britain would rally in the event of a Revolution.

"Unlike any other commander, he [Earl Haig] went through the war leaving no record of any mark made in council, or of any great deed achieved on the field for which he was primarily responsible" (p. 138).

The interviewer of Krassin elsewhere modestly admits that he has himself no qualifications for sitting in judgment on soldiers. Reporting a conversation with the late Lord Beresford recorded in his (the author's) diary, he observes (p. 131):—"I said that nobody could possibly be more ignorant of military matters than I was."

He calls, however, a witness perfectly competent to decide on the point. That witness is Captain P. E. Wright, late Assistant Secretary of the Supreme War Council, a warrior, third, if only third, to Foch and Pétain. To this Great Captain Earl Haig appears "a man both obtuse and extraordinarily slow," and "on a very low plane of human intelligence."

In similar fashion Sir William Robertson's immense services are discounted. We are solemnly told (p. 128) that he was "sincerely imbued with the idea that the function of Government was to raise men, more men, and still more men, and to allow him to have these men killed off without any comment or control," and that "the war was finally won by the very principles which Robertson had rejected as dangerous."

Poor Sir William Robertson!

In conclusion, we would add that this book will not make the English more popular in France, or the French more popular in England. The long and insulting attack on Marshal Joffre is in peculiarly bad taste. Lord Kitchener, who was not "ignorant of military matters," on 9 November, 1914, at the Guildhall, said: "Under the direction of General Joffre, who is not only a great military leader, but a great man, we may confidently rely on the ultimate success of the Allied Forces in the western theatre of war." We owe more to Marshal Joffre than we do to the negotiator with Krassin.

LETTERS OF A PATRIOT—XVI.

Sir,—Although your paper is only a few months old, and is a 6d. paper, so that its circulation must be small, I have met with evidence that its readers are in many cases more interested in its contents than is the case with newspapers in general, for copies of THE PATRIOT seem to pass on from hand to hand, and to remain in existence for quite a time after issue. At present there is much opposition, both passive and active, to the circulation of the views of THE PATRIOT, and particularly to the publication of the class of facts which are ignored by the dailies, or so casually mentioned as to produce no effect on the readers. I can quote from experience of both the passive and active opposition to your propaganda, and the nature of the opposition is the strongest argument for a continuance of the propaganda.

Mr. A. is a Conservative, a man of intelligence and wide and successful business experience at home and abroad. An attempted forcible feeding of him with THE PATRIOT seems only to produce indigestion, and the eructation of a number of the breezy sentences which the Press and the politicians supply in the manufacture of public opinion. For instance, "I have no use for extremists of either party"—meaning really that indignation and punishment for violence is as objectionable as the violence itself; or, "I am glad England is no longer responsible for difficulties in Ireland"—thus ignoring the responsibility of England for allowing a Reign of Terror to grow up, and then leaving Ireland under it. I could not interest Mr. A. in any of the facts oft-repeated in the *Morning Post* and THE PATRIOT about the leading part taken in Irish movements by foreign revolutionary bodies; but when the *Times* mentioned casually that the I.W.W., of American origin, was taking a hand with Red Communist Labour, he was struck by an apparently new fact, and presented it to me. The power of the Press for good or evil is great; and this case of an intelligent man who refuses to think about an unpalatable truth presented by one paper, but is startled by the same fact given in his daily newspaper, shows clearly how the country can be quickly awakened and public opinion formed when absolute emergency arises and enforces publication generally.

For the active opposition to everything that THE PATRIOT represents there are, unfortunately, great numbers of striking examples—in Parliament and in print—of excusing all crimes and offensives against Britain, and of blaming all conduct or advocacy of any defensive measures by us. These active anti-British efforts have had a serious effect in the country, among all classes, in creating a positive dislike of the unvarnished truth about the difficulties the Empire has to face.

A well-known law Lord said last week: "*I much prefer ideas and ideals to facts.*" As a statement of personal taste it is not subject to dispute; but as a political guide for one of the nation's leaders it is a dangerous piece of humbug. Noble words, with deep meaning no doubt, but in practice the admission of a mind which was injuriously pacifist in war, and is one of a group who consider that "ideas and ideals" are entirely absent from those persons who are openly working for the welfare of the Empire. The readiness to risk other peoples' present interests and future safety (on the strength of a half-baked idea) is now taken as a sign of intellectual superiority and broad-mindedness.—Yours faithfully,

A. P.

UNREPORTED CONVERSATIONS.

No. VIII.—CATHERINE II. AND THE GRAND-DUKE ALEXANDER.

"My dear child, lock the door and close the windows, and, when answering me, don't raise your voice! . . . You're a handsome lad, Alexander, and I'll be bound Elisabeth keeps you on the chain. Has Elisabeth heard from her people in Baden lately?"

"Yes; she had a letter yesterday. They're very worried over the French marching across Baden."

"An indirect hint to me! I'm pestered enough already with your mother's blubbering about the woes of Würtemberg. Prop up my pillows, there's a dear boy! The last stroke has left me very weak. . . . Alexander, in a few days I shall rejoin Potemkin, Old Fritz, and Diderot, and perhaps meet that funny fellow, Voltaire."

"Grandmamma, the doctors say you'll live to be ninety."

"Bah! All doctors are charlatans. I've burnt the candle at both ends and in the middle. Alexander, before I present my passport to St. Peter, I want to give you some advice. As I daresay you've realised, your poor father is *non compos*."

"Mother is sometimes very anxious about him. He flies into such violent passions."

"Dear lad, when I'm gone you may have to send Paul after me."

"Send papa after you!!! Grandmamma, what *do* you mean?"

"Don't look so shocked! I, the Orloffs, and the rascal St Germain had to remove your grandfather, Peter, who was impossible, and I've never regretted it."

"To be a parricide!!!"

"Old Fritz informed me that, if his brute of a father hadn't been so cautious, that pretty word of three syllables would have been attached to a King of Prussia."

"But, as it happened, Grandmamma, it wasn't."

"Edward III. of England is a highly respected monarch."

"But Nero isn't."

"Nero killed his *mother*. You must never under any provocation murder Maria! The human race is not yet educated up to matricide. Of course, you'd do it only as a last resource, and, then, through agents."

"Grandmamma, you, too, must be mad!"

"Peter the Great executed his son Alexis: and but for Karl VI., Friedrich-Wilhelm I. would have cut off Old Fritz's head. What's sauce for a son is sauce for a father."

"Peter was a Russian savage; we are Germans."

"I'm glad you remember your great-grandfather was one of Old Fritz's Field-Marshals. But, Alexander, because we are Germans, is that any reason why we should be stupider than Russians? Promise me that, if the occasion arises, you won't hesitate. Your poor father is a degenerate. He forgets that he is a German, and has leanings towards Poles and other riff-raff. You'll hardly credit it, but yesterday, as ever is, he implored me to release Kosciusko!"

"Papa must certainly be wrong in the head, Grandmamma."

"Wrong in the head! He hasn't a head to be wrong with! The greatest service I and the Hohenzollerns have done our race is to blot out Poland. The Poles, Swedes, and Turks are the hereditary allies of our hereditary enemies, the filthy French, against whom my father fought at Malplaquet."

"You hate the French, Grandmamma?"

"Hate is not the correct term. I loathe and despise those chattering monkeys."

"You seemed to be very friendly with Voltaire and Diderot."

"They were used by Old Fritz and myself to prepare the Revolution."

"I'm not yet of age, so my opinions must seem to you worthless, Grandmamma; but weren't you and Old Fritz playing with fire? The ideas of Voltaire may spread to Prussia and Russia."

"Old Fritz put the Prussians in strait-waistcoats, and our Russians are illiterate fanatics."

"Isn't France itself much stronger since the Revolution? The French have pocketed the Austrian Netherlands, Holland, the left bank of the Rhine, and, now, most of Lombardy."

"You overlook the facts that we have created moral anarchy in France and piloted her into a war with our other enemy, England. While Pitt has been encumbering England with a gigantic debt, France has been bleeding to death and losing her colonies and transmarine commerce. Friedrich-Wilhelm and I are so far perfectly satisfied. We've polished off Poland, increased the hatred of South Germany for the French, and we have so weakened Austria that she will soon be ripe for partition."

"Grandmamma, why doesn't Austria, like Prussia, make peace with France?"

"Thugut!"

"Is Thugut our man?"

"If he wasn't, would he employ generals over seventy against a young military genius like Bonaparte? Never employ old generals, if you can help it. War is a young man's game. The Archduke Karl is even younger than Bonaparte, and he has just thrashed Jourdan at Würzburg."

"Franz must be an imbecile!"

"Franz greatly resembles his uncle Joseph."

"Was Joseph a fool?"

"'Ce n'était pas un sot, mais le sot,' as the Simians would say. He swallowed Voltaire's poison as if it was his own Tokay. Though his throne was based on the Roman Church and the nobles, he insulted the Pope, helped us destroy the Jesuits, suppressed monasteries, tried to abolish all class distinctions and serfdom, emancipated the Jews, and endeavoured to make German the only language in his piebald empire."

"But Franz isn't following exactly in Joseph's footsteps. He's very obsequious to the Pope."

"He's a dunderhead all the same. No one but a dunderhead would be taken in by a Jewish gutter-snipe like Thugut, or by Baron Mack."

"Mack, I've been told, is a master of strategy."

"Indeed! It was Mack who lost Austria the Netherlands and caused the Duke of York to have to scuttle off to his ships. On Mack I refer you to Souvaroff."

"Is Souvaroff to be trusted, Grandmamma?"

"He's a very faithful savage. But, my dear child, I've talked more than is good for me. Tell poor Stanislaus I should like to see him. I'm sorry I had to deprive Stanislaus of Poland. We've had merry times together. When you keep mistresses, Alexander, always combine business with pleasure!"

TRADE UNION NOTES.

Sir,—The twenty-second annual Conference of the Labour Party has just concluded its discussions at Edinburgh. We have been informed that something like 800 delegates attended, and this notwithstanding the hard times we are going through, and the fact that Edinburgh is an expensive journey from many parts. The affiliated membership which was represented, or, rather, stated to be represented, was in the neighbourhood of four millions, but it should be remembered that affiliated membership is vastly different from actual membership. Many a member of a trade union whose union or branch is "affiliated" to the Labour Party is himself strongly opposed to that body, as is evidenced by the fact that many trade unionists may be found at Parliamentary and local government elections working for candidates who are opposed to the policy which is advocated by the "Labour" candidates.

On the whole, the agenda of the Edinburgh Conference was much the same as those of former gatherings.

The resolutions calling upon those members of the Privy Council to relinquish their membership had no support from the rank and file of the affiliated members, and the supporters of the resolution knew it; and the only satisfaction for the trouncing these extremists of the Left Wing received was that they had made themselves a nuisance, and had again failed in their attempted revolt against constitutional authority.

It may interest your readers to know that the actual figures of the card vote were 386,000 for the resolution and 3,694,000 against. It was quite evident from the interjections that took place during the discussion that the proposal was in reality an attempt to raise the question of Republicanism, and as our secretary (Right Hon. J. H. Thomas) said: "If you want to say that the Labour Party stands for Republicanism, say so and take your chance at the ballot-box." Mr. Thomas continued that he was certain they would get their verdict, and there was no doubt about it they would, because after the result of the ballot-box had been announced it would be found that there was nothing left of Republicanism or the Labour Party either. As a trade union leader and a Privy Councillor, Mr. Thomas is responsible to his own union, and as a member of that union I am able to state that Mr. Thomas will get from his own members overwhelming support at Bradford this week at the annual Conference of the National Union of Railwaymen, in his announcement to the "Labour" Conference at Edinburgh: "I am going to remain a Privy Councillor."

A decision that will affect a good number of trade unionists, and which was carried by a large majority, was to the effect that every person nominated to serve as a delegate to either local Labour Parties or to any national or local conferences shall individually accept the constitution and principles of the Labour Party; furthermore, no person shall be eligible as a delegate who is a member of any organisation having for one of its objects the return to Parliament, or to any local governing authority of a candidate or candidates, other than such as have been endorsed by the Labour Party or have been approved as running in association with the Labour Party. I was discussing this question with a group of Labour men in Manchester the other evening, and I put the question as to why a member of a trade union who had been elected by a majority of his fellow members to represent them at a Labour Conference should be compelled to accept the constitution and principles of the Labour Party. And, again, why should I, or any other member of a trade union who had been similarly elected, be debarred from attending as a delegate because I was a member of an organisation having for one of its objects the return to Parliament of candidates opposed to Labour candidates? The reply I received was that it was quite in order, and that delegates to Labour Conferences should be Labour men. "But," I asked, "if a member of a trade union is also a member of a Liberal or Conservative Club (as thousands are), that would debar them being elected as delegates to a Labour Conference?" "Certainly," the reply was, "and why not?" "Then," I said, "will you please tell me how many of the four millions of the affiliated membership represented by the delegates at the Labour Conference would individually accept the constitution and principles of the Labour Party?" They could not tell me, neither could they challenge my statement that not anything like a third of them would do so, because membership based on that of the affiliated trade unions is no true index. Mention was then made of the Unionist Labour Party, and I was asked if a Labour man would be allowed to attend one of their conferences as a delegate. I replied that a conference organised by the Unionist Labour Committee would be a conference of Unionists, and those who elected the delegates would themselves be Unionists; but don't forget this, I said, that what we object to and say is not true is the statement of the *Daily Herald* "that they are the mouthpiece of organised Labour in these islands, and that the General Council of the Trade Union Congress and the Executive Committee of the National Labour Party represent the official Labour movement in this country." They have no more authority for that statement than any other organisation has.

I would just like to refer to the remarks made at the Edinburgh Conference by the delegate from Bradford (Mr. J. H. Palin), who stated "that he was not so much opposed to the Communists, who were honest opponents, as he was to those who accepted the free beer and billiards of the Unionist Labour Party." The Labour Party have tried to prove that our League (Trade Unionists' Rights League) is an off-shoot of the political parties, but when it is pointed out that one paragraph in our constitution reads as follows: "To organise from time to time meetings and conferences of trade unionists where free expression may be given to opinions on the economic aspects of trade unionism, *entirely detached from political influcnce*," they are dealt a very effective blow from this point of view. At the same time, I would point out that we include a good number of trade unionists who are members of the Unionist Labour Committee. These members of the U.L.C., who, I know for a fact, neither drink beer nor play billiards, realise that they can be social reformers without being Socialists, and joined the U.L.P. as a political organisation; they are members of our League as trade unionists who are anxious that the great mass of their fellow-members shall take a much more active part by attending their branch and lodge meetings and participating in its administration and the decisions taken, and it is gratifying to note the steady progress that is being made by these members.

(Guard) W. E. Loveday, N.U.R.,
L. and N.W. Railway.

REVOLUTION IN AMERICA.

THE FORCES OF SUBVERSION.—I.W.W.'ISM.—*Continued.*

(From our Special Correspondents).

WASHINGTON, 23 June.

According to the Rev. Dr. John A. Ryan, professor of industrial ethics at the Catholic University, Washington, D.C., Red Radicalism is "a figment of overheated imaginations, possessed by employers and others. It simply does not exist . . . it is the veriest poppycock." A Jesuit priest at Detroit recently expressed a somewhat similar scepticism. One accordingly wonders on finding that the good fathers of the K.C. hierarchy are affected by a similar state of unconcern, and that responsible leaders of the Anglican Church are seeking bliss through the same state of ignorance.

What is extraordinary about this form of scepticism is the peculiar numbness of apprehension it shows by what is most endangered. For the whole record of the revolutionary industrial movement breathes as reactionary a spirit to Christian culture as did German kultur in 1915. One wonders, again, on reading a message (18 June) from Montevideo that a Spaniard named "Benigo Herrera Salazar" shot and wounded several times the Archbishop Juan Francisco Aragone while he was serving Mass in the cathedral, and pursued him into the sacristy. Of course, the I.W.W. is penetrating South America, as it claims, besides Mexico. And from the latter place, where the R.C. Church has been expropriated, a report of 16 June states that "several secret agents of the U.S. Government" are investigating the districts "whence comes constant reports of revolutions, Labour troubles, and Bolshevik activities." What the N.Y. *Call* of 18 June has invited the U.S. Government to inspect is Article 123 of the Mexican Constitution, which could easily have been the result of a collaboration between Daniel de Leon and Lloyd George. Clause 22 provides that "An employer who discharges a workman for having joined a union *or syndicate* (my italics) or for having taken part in a lawful strike shall be bound, at the option of workman, either to perform the contract or to indemnify him," etc. And Clause 19: "Lockouts shall only be lawful when the excess of production shall render it necessary to shut down in order to maintain prices," etc. And so on.

The Christian Church must sooner or later recognise that I.W.W.ism, Sovietism, and all the other Red ics and isms are just Nietsche in the Labour world.

Sabotage in Chicago.

Very suspicious happenings recently occurred in Chicago. There is an organisation there called the Building Trades Council, which has for years terrorised both the building trade and the trade unionists. According to the *Chicago Tribune* of 17 May, "it has become a name only. Only a handful of hoodlum characters compose it." It is bossed by a triumvirate known as "the Big Three," of whom one, Murphy, stands convicted of robbing the U.S. mails; another, Shea, is an ex-convict, convicted of stabbing a girl; and the third, "Frenchy" Mader, is an ex-convict also. The Building Trades Council, it seems, took exception to and defied an industrial award of Judge Landis, which had become absolutely necessary if the resumption of building operations was to become economically possible. The "Big Three" issued a fiat to trade unionists that they were not to accept the decision of the Court, at the same time threatening the building contractors that terrorist measures against them would follow if they started work under the award. "We were warned that incendiarism was next. It has arrived," was the comment of Fire-chief Fitzmorris on 16 May, when a block of buildings nearly completed under the award was set fire to in three places. The "hoodlum characters," despite the sanctity that doth hedge Labour leaders, were rounded up by the police. They defended their divine rights by bombing the minions of law and order, and for a time Chicago was under what the sensational Press termed the "Trade Unions Terror." Immediately the police declared war to the death against the terrorists. Now "Labour" of the red flag school has more "martyrs," and all is work and quiet again. A message from Chicago, date 6 June, indicates that the power of the "Big Three" has now been broken, and that the trade unionists there have agreed to work under the Landis wage award. The "Big Three," including two other hoodlums, Daniel McCarthy and Joe Miller, are being tried for the murder of a policeman.

I find that there is an evident connection between the anti-Landis gang and the I.W.W. Dels was at one time editor of the *N.Y. Call*, a Socialist-Labour-cum-Bolshevik sheet now edited by David Karsner, a Russian Jew. This gentleman, I know, affects to hold as axiomatic that, if society cannot defend itself, why not hit it on the head? Needless to say, Karsner is not Christian. Karsner, in the *Call* of 1 May, wrote up a gushing story idealising the meeting of Eugene Dels and Bill Haywood when they met to fraternise outside Judge Landis' Court. This was in August, 1918. Dels, it seems, did something to "Big Bill's" cheek, as was usual with him.

Still more remarkable was a huge fire which broke out in Chicago some two or three months ago, which was afterwards proved to be of incendiary origin. A high wind was blowing at the time, and a whole block of buildings was consumed, including a modern skyscraper. However, the wind dropped. Otherwise Chicago, with its 3,000,000 odd inhabitants, would, it is considered, have shared the fate of San Francisco after its earthquake.

In "The Red Peril" Mereto gives an illuminating extract of I.W.W. temper during the Paterson, N.J., strike in 1913. "We are," declared the Wobblies, "going to win this strike, or Paterson will be wiped off the map." This is a sample of what is not unusual.

The Attack on the Steel Trust.

Everyone, of course, has heard of the Steel Trust, one of the strongest trusts in the world. It works its coal mines in West Virginia and Arkansas on the open-shop principle, and is thus immune from the disastrous sabotage of strikes. To protect its properties and employees from outrage, it employs a force of what are known as Baldwin-Felts detectives. This signal immunity from blackmail was, however, too much for that "band of robbers," as a trust official described the United Mine Workers, which got control of the fields with the exception of the mines of the trust. Four thousand or so of its employees joined up with the union, and were dismissed and evicted from the houses they rented from the mines, eventually forming a camp of tents on the properties of their late employers. With their wives and children, numbering 10,000, they subsisted on the contributions of workers elsewhere in the States. Over 2,500,000 dollars was collected for them. Previously the men had earned, according to the reports of a Senate inquiry, from 400 dollars to 700 dollars a month. Of course, there was nothing in this for any Labour bosses.

The Coal War.

The United Mine Workers are officially affiliated with the American Federation of Labour, and are ostensibly opposed to the Western Federation of Miners, the first Labour union to be captured by the I.W.W. The "platform" of the W.F.M. was to syndicate the mines it worked under the American Labour Union, which was merely the Federation organised to work the one-big-union idea on the big scale. An unexpected result, however, was to drive the majority of the mine workers into unions affiliated with the A.F.L. On 1 July, 1920, the United Mine Workers declared a "strike" on the mines its members had been evicted from, and what became known as the "Coal War" was started.

The history of the Coal War is in many ways reminiscent of Ireland. A band of gunmen self-determined, so to speak, that the mines of the trust be unionised, and the terror then started in full blast. The Baldwin-Felts guards were treated as were the R.I.C. in Ireland, except that their hands were not tied with red tape nor hampered with the ideals of Liberal gentlemen who sat at ease in another country. A long and miserable record of outrage on guards, workers, women, and property culminated at length in a march of the 4,000 miners, armed with rifles and guns, against the coal mines of the trust. State troops had been sent down in May, 1921, and the organ of the United Mine Workers, the *Federationist*, was suppressed. This time Federal troops and aeroplanes took the field against the "Labour" army, and after some display of force it was disarmed and its leaders jailed. The coal war had lasted nearly eighteen months. As with the Chicago terrorists, there were no conferences, compromises, victories for political wizardry, nor hand shakes on the part of authority with murderers. Only a trial, still proceeding, for sedition. Nowhere is it apparent, however, that in joining the A.F.L. did the miners escape from I.W.W. methods.

The outrages, however, were not as savage or cowardly as with the Sinn Feiners, and there was no religious persecution. Except for that, every circumstance in Ireland was repeated *ad nauseam*. The United Mine Workers made plausible attempts to inveigle the mineowners into a "conference." One of the "items" to be discussed was the doctrine of the "social value" of the miner's work, which, when boiled down, meant the recognition of Syndicalism, the owners to be allowed (?) profits at the interest rate on the value of their property! As Ireland had its American Commission, organised by the Radical American

journal the *Nation*, to do its dirty work, so there is now being organised another commission, headed by the Rev. Stephen Wise, a Jewish Rabbi, who also speaks *ex cathedra* for "the Church" in America, and anathematises the preaching of the gospel of contentment among the disaffected miners. The scope of this new commission (or evangel, is it?) will take in all the coal fields.

Already something has occurred which this commission will find difficult to explain away. The U.S. is on the eve of an industrial "hold up" by the coal miners and railwaymen; 650,000 of the former have been on strike since 1 April. The last attempt to bring out the railwaymen at the end of 1921 was abandoned owing to the response of the public and unemployed offering to work the roads. What may happen if the strike be called (it is already balloted for) may be on the same lines as what followed the attempt to break the strike in Illinois. According to the *Star*, Washington, the "Southern Illinois coal mine was the first in Illinois to resume operations since the strike become effective, 1 April, and this fact caused a tense situation among the striking union miners. The district is solidly unionised.

"The fighting started after receipt of a telegram from John L. Lewis, president of the United Mine Workers of America, terming the men working at the mine as 'common strike-breakers.'"

From the anti-sensational *Washington Post* we may learn how the fight developed:—

"Forty-four reported slain in battle at mine. 'Only two attackers killed,' head of union says. Twenty-seven bodies are found. Fifteen men, stones tied to necks, thrown into pond. Others burned or hanged. Dead found for miles around Illinois Colliery, captured after all-night fight. Several captives beaten to death or shot down after surrendering. Efforts to aid wounded stopped by armed bands."

Other accounts show that the attack was organised, and that a band of agitators, working together and making use of the Lewis telegram, incited the men to plunder the shops for arms and make the attack. Eventually 5,000 men joined in. The free labourers were overcome during a truce granted after showing the white flag, although the mine was served by a machine gun. The mine superintendent was also murdered.

CORRESPONDENCE.

NOTE.—While inviting correspondence, the Editor takes no responsibility for the opinions expressed.

To the Editor.

BE PREPARED.

Sir,—I wrote this letter, intending to send it to you, some three months ago; the need is now even more urgent for a bringing together of all moderate men.

It is surely, obvious to all who are not wilfully blind that the chances in favour of a frightful upheaval—a grim destroying of all civilisation—in these British Isles are terribly overwhelming; and if these islands are to be racked by revolution, what of the Empire? And should this Empire be smashed, what of the world?

Already we have heard the thunder of the explosion on the Rand, the lava is being poured out white-hot upon Ireland, and the dark night which lies upon Russia is luridly rent.

Now there are, I rejoice to think, in this once United Kingdom many, very many, men who would be only too ready —are, in fact, aching for the opportunity—to do something to create a bulwark around our King against the rising tide of revolution. I say nothing about his Ministers!

The pathetic fact is, however, that we are appallingly separated. We are but single voices crying in a wilderness of apathy and incredulity. Though an angel came from Heaven, he would not be able to open the eyes of the greater portion of our people—though they be the very class which stands to lose most should the worst happen!

I would suggest to you, Sir, that your paper should take some steps—be it only the compilation of a nominal roll—to find out where, and in what numbers, England may look for succour in that hour. Naturally much—a vast deal—more might be done; but something should immediately be commenced!

I remember the Labour Party's advice on an historic occasion to the strikers was "Fight; damn it, fight!" I would say to all well-wishers of England and His Majesty the King: "Organise; damn it, organise; lest the night which is fast approaching find you totally unprepared."—I am, Sir, your obedient servant,

GUY H. B. DENT.

Clear Springs, Lightwater, near Bagshot, Surrey.
July 2, 1922.

HOME RULE IN SCOTLAND.

The Gaelic Revival.

Sir,—It has been stated in your paper, by its promoter, that Scotland is not free from the menace of reverting to a condition which, like that in Ireland, may develop into direct antagonism to Britain, as we still know and understand what the name means.

This danger undoubtedly exists, and is largely due to the agitation for Home Rule. There are those who in the search for unattainable perfection cannot let well alone. Certainly the present position is only moderately well, but it is also so critical in its larger aspects that it is madness to press forward such a dangerous proposal in the existing circumstances and astonishing to find that the Marquis of Graham is lending it his own support.

People have heard, generally with indulgent insouciance, of the Celtic revival. This is a very real thing in Scotland, as in many other countries, and may be briefly described. Under its present leaders, who are numerous, influential, and more than fairly well read, it is non-political, non-sectarian, and altogether liberal and tolerant, but, like "Sinn Fein," it contains the possibilities of very volcanic activities.

It means the renaissance or revival of all that is admirable in Gaelic civilisation, language, art, music, history, tradition, temperament, manners, customs, and trend of thought and ideals. So closely is Celtic civilisation interwoven with Latin cultivation that it is often quite impossible to extricate one school from the other. Often, indeed, where the Latin is referred to it is the Celtic influence which is really at work. But there is no connection and only antagonism to the Teutonic and materialistic school. The German "kultur," especially in its latest manifestations, is, of course, and rightly so, anathema. And it may be added that the idea of "the indomitable Anglo-Saxon" is also taboo, though perhaps indulgently regarded as a very stupid and ill-informed obsession. For the modern Celt is very much inclined to find his race everywhere, and rejects the notion that the Saxon invader exterminated the aboriginal Britons in England, holding that these elements coalesced, leaving the Celtic strain in so large a proportion as to be frequently predominant in England, as in France and elsewhere.

If, however, this be admitted for Scotland and for even large districts of England, besides Cornwall and the West, there is no doubt in the minds or the statement of Gaelic professors that the purest Saxon colony to be found in Britain exists in the Lothians. Here is situated Edinburgh, the proposed capital for the new Home Rule Government! How are the Highlanders regarded in that city?

The *Scotsman* permits them to be described in an article contributed to its columns as "the remnants of an alien race," a somewhat less polite and less true description than even Lord Salisbury's "Celtic fringe," which has never been forgotten nor forgiven. Other innumerable quotations might be made from Lowland Scottish writers in the same strain. Further, this antagonism has been accentuated by the absurd English infatuation for the kilt and its wearers, which has condemned excellent Lowland battalions and their services to quite unmerited oblivion, and accentuated a jealousy not wholly created north of the border.

Let Scottish Home Rule become an accomplished fact, and the heather would indeed be on fire, with results no one can foresee. For it must be remembered that grants earmarked for Scotland under even the present dispensation find their way even now in only the most attenuated fashion to the Highlands, regarded in Edinburgh as a bottomless pit into which it would be madness to cast baubees, things productive elsewhere but never so in these savage bogs. Neither under Home Rule would more baubees from the common British purse be allotted to Caledonia, but very much the reverse

Nor, again, would a Scottish Parliament attract the pick of Scottish brains and genius to fertilise a barren and rocky soil, for it must be evident that wider and larger activities which now attract the capable Scot to the greatest spheres of government and leadership for which he is so well fitted, would still cast their lure over him even did Home Rule beckon him home.

No! The Highlander, besides being an Imperialist, will understand that for him Home Rule would mean less friendly rulers, less capable ones, and less funds at the disposal of the provincial caucus, with a very increased aversion to dissipating any of the tiny hoard on him or on his territory.

Enlightened British opinion is not averse to the idea that improvement and some degree of repopulation may be possible in North-Western Scotland, which has never had a fair chance, and may still, through forestry, water power, and other gifts only lately recognised, become to some extent an industrial country. Such conceptions would never have attractions in Edinburgh.

There remain, of course, other possible capitals, but the mere mention of Glasgow, and what her rule would be, is sufficient to convince one that there is no alternative preferable to Dunedin. Let Lord Graham see that public funds are better and more expeditiously expended in Scotland, as they well might be, for this seems his chief complaint, but in allying himself to the very undistinguished band of Scottish Home Rulers let him remember the germs of dissension which have nowhere been more prolific than in his own Caledonian home and—let sleeping dogs lie.

OLD SOLDIER.

THE CHURCH OF ENGLAND.

Sir,—In his article on the Church of England, published in THE PATRIOT on 15 June, "R. H. G." suggests that the abuse of certain churches in London for communistic purposes is the cause of the lack of enthusiasm for the Church among the English people to-day. I cannot accept this.

In the first place, what of the clergy? Whatever debauches may take place in Metropolitan ecclesiastical circles—and London is not England in the same sense as Athens was the Athenian and Rome the Roman Empire before the Christian era—and, in a few other isolated cases, the vast majority of the clergy, apparently on the ground that "My Kingdom is not of this world," take the utmost care to keep political issues severely in the background. They "care for none of these things"—because they dare not. But there are exceptions, and a single example from the diocese of Peterborough may prove of interest. A few remarks uttered in the pulpit on the selfishness and un-Christian character of the ca' canny system so smote the tender consciences of the choir, who "came to 'ear the Gospel preached, and not that sort of stuff," that they were unable to come to church on the following Sunday. They expected an apology or some sort of withdrawal, but were disappointed. The strike was followed by a lock-out. They were not asked, they were not allowed, to return.

But the cause lies really not with the Church, but with the people. English people are too Aristotelean: they have not yet realised that virtue is not, can never be, a mean. Good is always one extreme and evil the other: the two stand over against each other in direct antithesis, and neither can ever be regarded as a mean in relation to the other. Now, the much-cherished mean of the English people takes the form either of confidence in the Coalition, as holding the balance between the extremes of Socialism and Die-Hardism, or of a sublime, or rather sloppy and lukewarm, kind of indifference. This indifference has corrupted not only politics but religion, and hence our empty churches. There are other reasons, of course. What ardent believer in *liberté* and *egalité* can listen with tranquillity to such precepts as "Submit to authority," "Obey the King," read from the lectern?

No; the Church of England is not going Red.

Yours, etc., J. P. W.

Oxford, 22 June. 1922.

IMPORTATION OF CANADIAN CATTLE.

Sir,—Mr. H. A. Browning (writing on June 16) is not only belated in replying to my letter published April 27, but he is deplorably out of date with the imperfect information which he hangs on to, and he seems indisposed to permit himself to be brought face to face with realities. Almost every unprejudiced person now knows that this is one of the most inexcusable political stunts that ever disgraced British and Canadian politics, founded on deliberate fabrication of facts and supported by would-be profiteers and private Press interests, bedecked and bedazzled by decorations and Birthday honours which have recently so rightly aroused public indignation. If Mr. Browning were *au fait* with the history of the Guildhall meeting he would be ashamed to associate himself with it. It was a packed assembly of butchers, non-progressive graziers, middlemen, shipping authorities, etc., etc. They were all out to plunder the consumer, and by subterfuge had captured some of the chairmen of cattle market committees and members of urban corporations, just as certain sections of combined Labour had been captured by foreign socialists to the injury of themselves and their countrymen outside the combination. Obsessed with greed of personal gain, all ignore the fundamental interests of the country. I have no hope of reclaiming Mr. Browning; but I ask your readers to judge between his and my views after perusing the following statement by Mr. Joseph Duncan, the able and far-seeing secretary of the Scottish Farm Servants' Union, in opposing a resolution for the removal of the embargo against the importation of store cattle at the Labour Conference in Edinburgh on June 30. Mr. Duncan said: "It was simply a 'stunt' to work on the public, and the Labour Party had let itself in for it. It was a game between two sets of farmers: one set breeders and the other set feeders. The feeders and butchers wanted cheap stores. Did they find the combination of butchers and farmers who were feeding for the market running a campaign for the sake of giving the public cheap beef? They were offered 6d. off the lb. if they introduced store cattle from Canada. What they had was an embargo on all cattle, just as Canada had an embargo on our cattle. It was simply an ordinary precaution taken by a community to keep itself free of disease. It might be unwise, but it was a matter to be dealt with by experts. Let them not get mixed up by a campaign which was simply foisted on them by people who were concerned with their own interests."

ROBERT WALLACE.

University, Edinburgh. July 3, 1922.

A "NATIONAL HOME" FOR THE GYPSIES.

Sir,—The sacred principle of self-determination induced Earl, or, as he was then, Mr., Balfour to provide a "National Home" for the Jews at the expense of the British taxpayer and the Palestinian Arabs. As a member of that downtrodden race, the Gypsies, I ask you to urge Earl Balfour to procure a "National Home" for myself and fellow-countrymen. We, Gypsies, have been obliged during centuries to live in uncomfortable caravans, and are tired of our perambulations and nomad existence. We wish to settle down and to make, instead of to tell, fortunes. The alternative sites for our "National Home" are Bohemia and Egypt, and we confidently demand that one of these sites should be cleared by British troops of its present population. According to the great Carlyle, who visited Bohemia in 1858, the Bohemians are "liars, thieves, slatterns, a kind of miserable subter-Irish people—Irish with the addition of ill-nature and a disposition decidedly disobliging." The extermination of such a race should commend itself to every eugenist. As for the mongrel population of Egypt, no right-minded person could object to its being drowned in the Nile.

One thing I would especially emphasise. If either site is procured for us, we will defend it ourselves and buy whatever we need from the inhabitants of England, Wales, and Scotland. I Zingari would scorn to make contracts with Russian Jews or to purchase goods in Germany.—I am, etc.,

JASPER PETULENGRO.

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G. W. R.

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